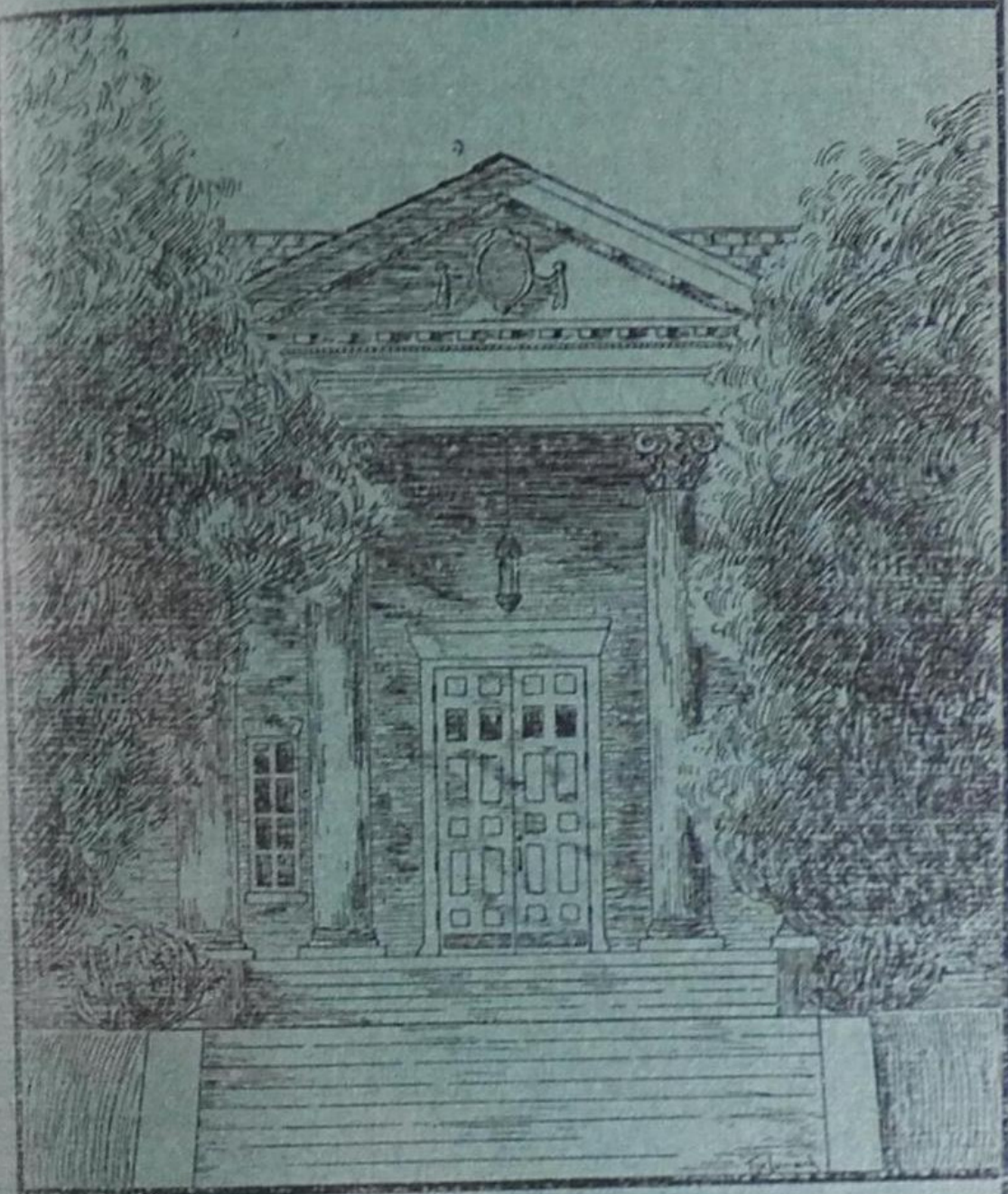


The
Frances Shimer Record



OCTOBER 1929



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils and \$70,000 in other endowment. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO _____ dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within _____ months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (there describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purpose specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the President concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, President and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

THE MERRION-DEMOCRAT PRINT, MT. CARROLL, ILL.





HARRIET A. LEE

The Frances Shimer Record

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EDITORIALS



GREAT EXPECTATIONS

It has been said that each novelist has some title among his works that gives the keynote of his philosophy and that among the novels of Dickens this title is *Great Expectations*, for Dickens never looked at a human being, no matter how unpromising, without seeing in him all sorts of possibilities that might lead to an interesting future. It is with the optimistic philosophy of Charles Dickens that we begin Frances Shimer's seventy-seventh year.

This year we are starting out with the new gymnasium, a building which is not only adequate for the work of the physical education department but which furnishes opportunity for an enlarged social life for the school. The whole student body may meet upon the spacious floor of the gymnasium without that congestion which detracted from the pleasure of the big proms formerly held in College Hall. The stage in this new building is equipped with some of the latest devices of the best modern theatres, particularly in the lighting arrangements. The Green Curtain Dramatic Club will be able to put on plays without those handicaps which it had to meet in the past. The swimming pool is not only valuable for the practical opportunity offered the swimming classes but is so beautifully constructed that it has aesthetic value as well. The adequate satisfaction which this new and attractive building gives cannot but exert an uplift in all other departments of our school life.

Our school year began with six weeks of unusually good weather. This has been a beautiful autumn; the many trees of the campus and town have been gorgeous in coloring and made lustrous by sunshine which ceased only long enough to show us how lovely those same yellow maples could look in moonlight and how white and shining the tower of Metcalf could be against the night sky. Such an autumn makes old girls glad to be back and new girls happy to be here.

Looking upon the campus from the hill of the tall pine trees, it has been easy this fall to dream all sorts of dreams for Shimer. It is only four hours from Chicago—not too far West nor too far East! Few schools are more centrally located. It already has its equipment and its past. With its beauty and its resources, it seems predestined to have a future greater than its friends dare contemplate today. Why may it not become to this section what such colleges as Wellesley and Vassar are to the East? Thus Frances Shimer begins its seventy-seventh year full of great expectations.

THE NEW DEAN

This year Frances Shimer has a new Dean. Miss Harriet A. Lee who comes to us from active service in the Y. W. C. A. was from 1907-1910 head of the English department in Frances Shimer. She has had a professional career which covers many fields of service.

As a young girl, Miss Lee lived in Turkey where her family throughout three generations have taken a notable part in education. Her grandfather, Cyrus Hamlin, was the founder of Robert College, and her father had charge of the educational work of the American Board in Marash. However, there are educational connections in this country as well as in Turkey. Her New England ancestors were cousins of Mary Lyon. The family of her uncle, Willis E. Parsons, founded Parsons College in Iowa. Her mother was Dean of Women in Olivet College, Michigan. Her step-mother, Mrs. L. O. Lee, is at present the Secretary of the Congregational Board of Foreign Missions with headquarters in Boston.

Miss Lee began the study of Greek, Latin, French, and Turkish while abroad. After coming to the United States, she took preparatory work in Olivet College Preparatory Department and was graduated from Abbot Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. She took her A. B. degree from Mount Holyoke in 1907 and her A. M. from the University of Chicago in 1918. She has had graduate work in both Education and English and special courses in Psychology, Art, and Bible.

Miss Lee has taught in Parsons College and for five years was in the English department of New Trier Township High School, Kenilworth, Illinois. During the World War she was an active worker for the Red Cross and in the Near East Relief Campaign. Since the War, she has had various positions in Social Service work. However, her main work of late years has been with the Y. W. C. A. She was for five years the Director of Religious Education in the Grand Rapids, Y. W. C. A. and, previous to that, organizer of the Education Work in the Central Branch Y. W. C. A. of Chicago. During these years she helped to extend and enlarge the work of these two associations. Her co-workers speak of her as a "blazer of trails". The yearbooks of her department show "originality in courses and adaptability to the situation". Miss Lee has also shared in many conferences as both a member and leader, and was sent in 1925 as a delegate to the World Conference on Life and Work in Stockholm.

Miss Lee comes to Frances Shimer with the desire to build up a larger life for the girls. She desires to enrich the cultural and spiritual side of the life at Shimer so that each girl may find a happy atmosphere in which she may do good work and develop what is best in her personality.

COVER DESIGN

The new design of our cover is a sketch of the entrance of the Campbell Memorial Library. This beautiful building was erected in 1925 by funds furnished by Mr. George D. Campbell and Mr. S. J. Campbell, and by Miss Jessie Campbell, '07. It is named in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell who for many years were loyal friends of the School. The drawing was made by Janet McCurrach, of Evanston, who has also drawn the picture of the new gymnasium which heads the athletic notes.

LITERARY

THE SUN

O'er yonder lake and mountain, too,
Rises through mist and ethereal blue
The sun, a golden orb of light,
Changing the earth from darkened
night.

The dark green pines their shadows
cast
In the deep blue lake, which holds
them fast
Until a breeze comes ruffling by
And ripples reflections of trees and
sky.

The sun, now journeying 'cross
great space,
Smiles down on earth with shining
face;
Shadows have gone from everything
And birds to their mates, sweet
carols sing;

Till finally at close of day,
The sun no longer now doth stay
But travels on to another land
Where even scenes like these may
stand.

Now, Night-time reigns with her
starry friends
And darkness again on earth
descends;
A soft mist falls, the world doth
sleep
In silence, under the sky so deep.

Margaret Clare Jones,
Academy '31.

SEA DREAMS

I should like to go down to the sea
 And sail o'er the ocean blue
 And laugh at the spray
 That dashes my way
 And send the bubbles to you.

Lillian O'Neill, College '30.

ON THE MAP

Nestled among the hills of northwestern Illinois is the little city of Mount Carroll, the home of Frances Shimer School. Stately trees line broad streets which merge into state highways leading to the outside world. These roads connect indirectly with two famous routes, the Lincoln and Grant highways from Chicago. Chicago is interesting to Frances Shimer not only because of its advantages, but also because of the University of Chicago with which the School is affiliated.

The Grant highway comes part of the way from Chicago on the old stage coach road. Nowadays, ruins mark the places where once taverns welcomed the weary traveler. Only in one spot has man's work withstood Nature's and that is near the picturesque "Small Pox" creek where a lovely little group of log buildings are clustered. Legend has it that miners there were wiped out by a severe epidemic of smallpox. However, the Grant highway is rich in historical sites. For instance, at Freeport is the monument marking the Lincoln-Douglas debate.

Galena, a beautiful old town lying in a valley and closely protected by the surrounding hills, is the early home of General Ulysses S. Grant, from which the highway has taken its name. His home is open to the public, who may see the interesting old things at almost any time.

The scenery is exceptionally beautiful around Mount Carroll. To the north and west lie the many tree-covered hills with the white ribbon of pavement winding away in the distance. Interesting rock formations have been the basis for making many of the parks near by. Apple River Canyon is the site of an old mining town, Millville, of which nothing is left but a rock marking the spot. Smith's Park has many lovely grottos, springs, and an old cave. The Pines is a beautiful growth of pine trees, cool and restful. The new State Park is along the Mississippi river north from Savanna, just ten miles away. The sheer rocks topped by a fringe of shrubs, firs, and pines have been compared with the scenic Hudson. The "Open Bible", "Twin Sisters", and "Indian Head" are some of the unique sights along the mighty river. Legends and old tales add more interest to these picturesque old rocks.

To the southeast flows the Rock river, a broad river which joins the Illinois river famed in history. La Salle with his Indian guides floated down this river in their canoes to a point where a sheer, steep wall projects for some one hundred and twenty-five feet out of the water. Deep canyons running along its eastern side convey tiny streams to the Illinois river. It is accessible only from the south side and seemed a favorable

site for Fort St. Louis established by La Salle and Tonty in approximately 1684. It was the setting for the terrible battle between the Illinois and the Pattawatami tribes which led, by starvation, to the extinction of the former group. Today, it is known as Starved Rock.

To the east is Black Hawk's country,—the beautiful country along the Rock river. Black Hawk's monument, work of Lorado Taft, watches over the valley near the famous Eagle's Nest. This is the gathering place of many famous people, among whom are Lorado Taft and his wife's brother, Hamlin Garland.

Only nine miles away, in the village of Chadwick is buried one of Napoleon's color bearers, Peter Bohn.

North, east, west, and south,—all directions have famous places. It is with pride that we point out Frances Shimer School located in the midst of these interesting and historical surroundings.

Anita Hurley, College '30.

THE DANCERS

Patricia Lanova stood gazing thoughtfully out of the window of her boudoir. Her boudoir was daintly and beautifully furnished. Patricia was beautifully dressed.

Only an hour before she had been formally betrothed to the man of her father's choice—Ivan Lebinoff, Duke of Alfrazia. Under a priest's cross she had received the gold band with the engraved crest of the Duke's family; and under that cross she had given the ring bearing her family crest. Thus she had given her sacred pledge to unite two of Austria's most aristocratic families. She cared very little for the Duke; as yet she had never cared for any one.

Outside, the first stars were appearing in the dark dome of the sky. The somber dreariness of dusk closed in upon the silent, austere mansion—Patricia's home. And Patricia sighed discontentedly.

"How lovely! The world was made for love—and freedom," she mused dreamily, yet wearily. "Shall I ever be happy?"

She thought of her lonely childhood; of the young mother so soon taken from her, whose sweet face smiled at her from over the white marble mantel of her boudoir; of her father, grave, lonely—an important diplomat in the service of the king. How he adored her, lavishing luxuries upon her,—everything but the companionship she craved!

Suddenly her abstracted air disappeared. Below her in the courtyard thronged many villagers. Before them trooped a gay band of gypsies. The musicians struck up a gay, rollicking air. A girl—young, vibrant with life, in flashing, swirling skirt, whirled into the circle formed by the villagers.

With gay abandon she danced; her lithe hips twisted; she whirled, throwing her full skirt in ripples around her. A man, dark of face and eyes joined her. Together they danced, carefree as children, thinking of nothing but the music.

Patricia's heart swelled. Unconsciously her foot kept time to the haunting rhythm of the musicians. Oh, to be one of the dancers! An-

other couple had joined the circle. To be free! For one moment more she hesitated. Then she turned. She darted out of the room, down the broad stair case, out of the massive front door to join the throng in the courtyard.

A closer glimpse of this street crowd almost made her turn back. But by now the dancers were gaily pirouetting. The somber darkness of the austere mansion contrasted sharply with the gay hues of the gypsies' dress. Patricia hesitated no longer. With a gay laugh, she whirled into the circle. Joyous, indifferent to the outcome, she danced. A man joined her; a man of a different world, wearing the brilliant colors and heavy gold earrings of his tribe.

He took her by the hand. She swayed to the music. Her feet kept time to the click of the castanets; then away she whirled. Her hair streamed about her. All she had ever craved,—companionship, happiness was crowded into that brief time.

The music was slower now. One by one the gypsies dropped from the circle, but still these two danced on. Patricia's partner led her toward an opening in the circle, and as he did so, the music stopped. As in a dream Patricia heard the gypsy murmuring in her ear.

"You are beautiful,—more so than any of our tribe. Come away with me to freedom."

Patricia hesitated and cast a questioning glance toward the man. He smiled, and held out his hand. And she placed hers in his. But as she did so, she saw the gleam of her betrothal ring on her hand.

"I am sacredly promised to another. For the Lanovan honor I must marry Ivan Lebinoff." Family honor for her father's sake must be first.

Quickly Patricia withdrew her hand, and turning, ran up the stone steps. Without a backward glance, she entered and the massive door closed behind her.

Laura Young, College '31.

CHICAGO

Where years ago the naked savage ran
Unkempt and wild, a dweller by the lake
And the great prairie dipped in Michigan,
Few knew a town would follow in its wake.
The gentle voices of the lake and wind,
Did not disturb the native in his peace.
He went his simpler way so soon to find
His race and freedom by God's hand to cease.

Now south I see a gleam of murky light
Which seems to be a cloud of smoke by day,
Increasing with the darkness of the night,
That marks the spot where soon we hope it may
Become the greatest city in the world
And proud to have the stars and stripes unfurled.

Janet McCurrach, Academy '30.

Anita Hurley.

BLACK HAWK'S RAID

A streak of pale yellow fell across the midnight blue sky. Slowly the little twinkling stars began to withdraw themselves with the coming of dawn. Soon a ball of flaming red appeared over the deep green hills and the birds began their springtime song. On top of a great hill a young and handsome Indian warrior stood—Black Hawk, a full-blooded Sac. His deep black eyes glowed with the fire of youth as he gazed admiringly at the beauty of the coming day. He was restless, but capable of great endurance. He had a fighting spirit and a great hatred of the American settlers. In war he was the aggressor. He had been sent away from his hunting grounds by the whites, but he had returned and was continually planning raids.

Some of these raids took place in the vicinity of Dixon, during the winter of 1830. During one of these, while Black Hawk was gathering his warriors for an attack on a Dixon settlement, a man saw the Indians doing their war dance and he rushed back to the settlement to spread warning. The women and children of the settlement gathered in one frame house, while the men made a brave line in front of the frail defense. No sooner had action taken place than what seemed a cloud burst of Indians dashed down apparently from nowhere. The air became filled with bullets and arrows. The mothers took their small children in their arms and held them very tight.

The men were making a desperate stand, but it seemed in vain. They were outnumbered by the Indians and their gun powder was low. The Indians finally departed as suddenly as they had come, and the fighting ceased. The men dashed in and grabbed what little ammunition there was left leaving only one bullet for each woman and child. They were preparing for a second attack. Soon the expected downpour of Indians came. Their number had been decreased, but they still outnumbered the white men. Another storming of bullets and arrows! Everyone became frantic as the men fell. The cries and screams of women increased. Then some one heard, above the thundering noise, the distant call of a bugle. Soon a troop of United States regulars were seen in the distance and the settlers burst forth in cries of joy. The Indians became panic-stricken and fled to the woods.

Black Hawk thus passed his young life in fighting and trying to hold his lands for the red men. Many years later, when he was aged by defeat and his eyes revealed only bitterness and despair, he was finally captured at the Dells of the Wisconsin. He was sent in irons to the War Department at Washington. The chief was pardoned and allowed to return to his people. He settled on the banks of the Rock river. Here he would sit and dream of his once happy home.

Across the river is the city of Oregon, which is only a half mile from a monument erected in his memory. It stands where he stood one day with his blanket around him and watched the sun rise, but the monument does not face the East. It has its face turned to the West and is looking down stream. The dying rays of the setting sun throw their loving light

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on the weather-beaten face of the faded Indian chieftain, which rises high above the red and gold background of autumn trees.

Gladys May Herrick, College '31.

JUST FANCY

Stars
are the bubbles
of the golden
moon fountain,
trickling and splashing
over the brim
into a quiet
inky pool called
Night.

Lillian O'Neill, College '31

NAPOLEON'S COLOR-BEARER

Under the tall pines in the northwest corner of the cemetery at Chadwick, Illinois, lie the remains of the man who bore Napoleon's colors at the head of his army.

Peter Bohn was born in Germany in 1782. He was a tall rawboned man, very brilliant but speaking very little English. At the time of Napoleon's great military career and his invasion of Russia to Moscow his army contained 500,000 sturdy young men, one-half of whom were French. There were 100,000 men conscripted from the "Federation of the Rhine", one of whom was Peter Bohn. From Prussia and Austria 50,000 were forced, 60,000 from Poland, and 12,000 were hired from Switzerland. The rest were made up from other European countries such as Spain, Portugal and Belgium. Never had a finer army invaded Russia. When the inhabitants saw it was impossible to save their great cities, they set fire to them and destroyed all the supplies and shelter that could have been obtained for the army. Never before or since has there been such a severe winter. The odds were against Napoleon and he was forced to retreat followed by two Russian armies. At one river the soldiers were forced to cross two small temporary bridges. Both fell beneath the weight, destroying all the ammunition and supplies. Only a few of that vast army ever reached France, Bohn being among that number.

He had risked his life in securing a sleigh for Napoleon to use in his retreat. All during this campaign he held the position of color-bearer and remained in the army near his great general for ten years. Often during his later life when referring to Napoleon, he would become so enthusiastic and excited, he would say, "Mien Kaiser!"

Bohn came to America and settled at Chadwick. In that community he and his sons laid claim to 1,144 acres of land which they cleaned and cultivated. They obtained the land from the United States government for \$1.25 per acre.

He had five children: three sons, one of whom went to Pike's Peak to seek his fortune, when the Gold Rush was on, and two daughters who have children living in Rockford.

He died February 18th, 1866, at the age of eighty-four, and on his tombstone is engraved a mounted soldier bearing the flag of France. Rumor says that a medal received from Napoleon is buried with him.

Dorothea Schreiner, College '31.

BEEFSTEAK

P. C. Wren had been in Paris a week. Every night he studied assiduously from his little French dictionary. So far his meals had been composed of tea and toast. This morning he arose, dressed, and went down to breakfast with war in his eye, and steak on his mind. Not that he had yet discovered the word for steak, but there were other things besides the French language.

The same waiter waited on him.

"I want a steak," he growled at the waiter in peculiar French.

"What! you don't understand?" still in French.

The waiter shook his head hopelessly.

"Confound it, who the — around here speaks English, anyway?" shouted Mr. Wren.

"I do, sir," spoke his waiter.

Mr. Wren started, looked up at the waiter with disgust, and then saw the humor of the situation.

"Why didn't you say so two or three days ago?"

"How should I know what race you were from? I was just beginning to believe you were from some unknown country by the peculiar language you were trying to speak."

"How did you learn to speak English so well?" demanded Mr. Wren indignantly.

"I was a cowpuncher on an Arizona ranch before the war, and I never went back to the old U. S. A.," explained the waiter with a grin.

P. C. Wren had his steak that morning and left the breakfast-room in a much better humor than when he had entered.

Dolly Jones, Academy '30.

THE PHANTOM OF THE SKY

A week or so before school commenced, the Graf Zeppelin, about which you all probably know, flew over Chicago. I live in Evanston, which is just north of the city, and with the rest of the crowd went downtown to see it. The people thronged into Grant Park on the lake front. They assembled early in the day, many bringing their lunches with them. Rumors that, on account of severe winds, the dirigible would not be able to pass over Chicago, disappointed many but did not seem to have much effect on the size of the crowd who had come down-town and from distances to see it.

Airplanes began to gather. Just a few miles northwest of Chicago, there is a new airport called Sky Harbor. Several private planes are kept there and there is a huge tri-motored Ford plane which accommodates fourteen passengers and goes up in the afternoons and evenings on twenty-minute flights along the north shore. To get back to my story, many of

these planes and those from other near-by airports began to fill the air, to be prepared to greet the Zeppelin when it arrived. The topmost windows and the roofs of the buildings, as well as the streets below, were filled with spectators.

Finally, about five-thirty in the afternoon, after being anxiously awaited all day long, the Zeppelin appeared in the cloudy, misty sky. It seemed like a phantom, rising from the western horizon. Many cheers went up and thousands of bits of paper came floating through the air in celebration, and traffic was hopelessly tied up for an hour, many people even sitting on the tops of their cars in order to see.

The huge and beautiful silver thing came gliding easily over the city. Our wonderful new Buckingham Fountain in Grant Park was turned high in welcome. The ship circled the city twice, seeming to come down between the higher buildings. Then going on a little to Lincoln Park, encircled by airplanes which looked like toys in comparison with the great size of the Zeppelin, it left the city and went eastward across Lake Michigan. Just as it was turning away from the city, over the water an unexpected ray of sunshine shone on its silver body, giving us a last and lovely impression of its grace and beauty.

Janet McCurrach, Academy '30.

RAIN

The slanting rain slashes my face,
Like thin small knives.
It strikes at me, trying to pierce my heart.
I shiver
And am cold——cold.

Lita Dickerson, Academy '30.

LEAVES

Tired of cool green garments,
For the festal days
They change to molten gold,
They dress in fiery red.

To a bird's last song
They dance in gay ballet,
Until weary they fall
And seek on earth a bed.

Thyria Hughart, College '30.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS

If my sadness were not stifled
By this pretentious laughter game,
If the tears aback of the laughter came,
If the heartaches were known,
And the thoughts of pain—
Ah, but the tears cannot have
What laughter can gain.

Thyria Hughart, College '30.

APPRECIATION

I wrote two verses yesterday
And showed them to my lover;
He read them o'er and smiled a bit
And merely turned the cover.

So I shall find another man
Who will love my every whim;
But if he should grow weary, too,
I'll say "goodbye" to him!

Marguerite Uhlenhopp, College '31.

VANITY

I saw a lovely lady
In floating white draperies
Pause before a mirror—
And then pass on.

I saw a fleecy cloud
Pass over a placid pool
Admiring its reflection there—
Then glide on its way.

I saw them smile
One to the other
In a sisterly fashion—
O vanity and charm.

Madeline Ellis, Academy '30.

ROADS

Broad, white, hard-beaten roads that stretch straight ahead for miles and miles are, to me, terribly dull, compared to other roads I know. There is no chance for a surprise on this kind of road. We see our fellow travelers about half an hour before actually meeting them. Even lights and shadows do not come unexpectedly—a cloud's shadow actually runs to meet us and we can see the sun shining on some part of the road a long way ahead. A single moment's survey gives us the plan of the next half hour's travel: a farm house here, maybe a tree or two. Sometimes we see a field of oats, and then a hay field, maybe a tree or two. Sometimes we see some horses or a few cows; maybe a dog will bark at us. But what of it? Such a road is utterly wearying and uninteresting, a mere detail in a mere landscape. Give me the hilly country! Long, steep hills, where we have a chance to find out what our brakes are for. Sharp curves that put a thrill into driving. Trees, whole forests of them along the road-sides or else high hills or rocky cliffs. And, best of all to me, the fun one gets from seeing something new every time we turn a corner or go over a hill! There is something that fascinates me about such a road that roads in the flat or rolling country can never have.

Lillian Smith, College '31.

HIS DUTY

It was intensely cold, and there was a furious windstorm accompanied by fine driving snow. Doctor Parker was sitting in his little office in a small country town in Northern Wisconsin. He had faithfully served his neighbors and friends through thirty long winters of measles, whooping cough, and smallpox. Everyone had an almost supernatural faith in him, for when duty called he always answered. The moment the sound of his step was heard on the porch, worried mothers cast the burden of responsibility from their shoulders to his. The telephone bell rang through the stillness. Doctor Parker quickly and quietly took down the receiver.

"Hello, hello. You say she's worse? Well, give her one of those white fever tablets I left yesterday. Yes, yes, of course, I'll come. Yes, I will hurry. Goodbye."

Two hours later Doctor Parker reached the place of sickness. Five miles is a long distance to travel with a horse in the face of a Wisconsin blizzard. He entered the sick room quietly with the calm assurance that was always his, and for two hours fought for the life of his patient. At four o'clock the crisis had passed, and Doctor Parker patted the little mother's head and told her that her child would live.

The storm was raging, but Doctor Parker felt that perhaps he was needed in town and started home. He had gone scarcely two miles when the drifts became so deep that the horse could no longer pull the cutter. The only thing to do was to try to get home on the horse's back. He bowed his head in prayer for a moment and again started homeward.

Morning shone bright and clear. The town folks were awed to discover that Dr. Parker's faithful old horse had returned in the night without his owner. A party of searchers was immediately sent out for him, and after hours of patient searching, they found him a mile from the trail he had tried to follow. He was half buried in a snow drift, for he had lost his way in the raging snow. Dead—but he had again done his duty.

Mary McEwen, College '31.

AN ILLINOIS CHRISTMAS IN 1840

The door to the little log cabin opened and Isaac Swarts entered his little kingdom of happiness. It was Christmas Eve and the little Swartses were bubbling over with joy and anticipation. Mother Swarts sat before the fireplace; the children, Roxanna, Henderson, Polly, and Jeremiah circled about her feet. The five were busily engaged in stringing popcorn.

"It's going to be too cold for Santa to come tonight, I'm afraid," said Father Swarts who was smiling broadly while unbuckling his snow-covered overshoes and shaking the shining crystals from his heavy jacket.

"But, Father," said Roxanna, the oldest of the four, "Santa can come even though it is cold! Santa dresses warm and his reindeer go fast. I just know he won't forget us!" The last was spoken to the children sitting on the floor beside her.

"It's a cold, cold night, Orpha, and I'm afraid unless it quits snowing that our old Eastern custom of exchanging greetings early Christmas morn will have to be given up this year."

"But, Isaac, we have given up so much since coming out here to Illinois! I sometimes wish we were still back with our friends in New York state." While speaking Mother Swarts had been glancing wistfully about the crude cabin made bright mostly by the Christmas tree in one corner and the holly and evergreen boughs placed tastefully about the room.

"Now, Orpha, don't get discouraged. We have done well this year. Our crops were good and we are well prepared for winter. We should be very happy and thankful for the blessings the dear Lord has given us."

"I am thankful," said the Mother, "for the children and for our good crops; but, Isaac, it seems too bad to have to give up our old custom of Christmas greeting." With the last words the tears were rapidly filling her soft, brown eyes.

"Well, in a few hours we shall know. Now, children, if you want Santa to come, you must hustle off to bed."

The children had finished stringing the pop-corn by this time and were twining it on the tree, the eldest doing the uppermost branches and the smaller children the lower ones. They turned to their father and mother in unison and said, "Will he come? Honest, will he come?"

After being reassured by their father and mother, they trudged off to bed.

Father and Mother Swarts, however, had much work to do before they could retire. The stockings which hung in a row over the fireplace were to be filled and the long table had to be set with the goodies on which Mother Swarts had been working for several days—yes, several weeks previous. Early in the morning the heads of the householders of the few families living in the settlement of Sciota Milles, about forty miles distant from Mount Carroll, the nearest trading point west of Chicago, would start calling on each other to give their tidings of joy and happiness for the Christmas season.

"Isaac, where do you suppose the custom of Christmas calling came from?" asked Mother Swarts as she stuffed a rag doll into the already well filled stocking of one of the children.

"Well, Orpha, it is a long story. When our forefathers first came and settled in Little Amsterdam, New York, they wanted to have some way to wish each other joy on Christmas. They had no money with which to buy gifts; but they had the real Christmas spirit in their hearts and so the men began the custom of rising early Christmas morning and going from house to house spreading Christmas joy. The women wished to have some part in this so they prepared victuals and coffee just as you are doing." He glanced at the crude table covered with the pearly white tablecloth and laden with pumpkin and mince pies, cakes, doughnuts, cookies, and candies, and all the good things which the pioneer women took pride in making.

"It is a good and kind custom and I hope we shall have a beautiful

Christmas morning. Listen! The wind is going down and the festivities of the morrow will be the greatest of the three years we've been here," said Mother Swarts putting the last dainty touch to the table, glancing at the bulging stockings, and placing a tall candle in each tiny window of the cabin—a light to lead the way of the early comers of the morrow.

With the last preparation finished, Father and Mother Swarts climbed the ladder to the attic-bedroom above and peace and darkness prevailed.

* * * * *

"Children, children, it is Christmas morning! Get up and see what Santa has left for you. Your father has gone to Gabriel Manny's to give them our greetings and soon some of our good friends will be coming. Get up, quick!" Mother Swarts called happily to the children above as she placed a huge pot of coffee to boil over the crackling fire. Soon the children were heard tumbling out of bed. The light of a pink sunrise was gradually beginning to steal in at the windows. A huge log was burning in the fireplace, the table was laden, and the air was heavy with the smell of spices and the aroma of boiling coffee. A happy, happy sight indeed to greet the neighbors.

The children came racing down the ladder each dressed in his very best. They looked into their stockings and quite unlike children nowadays were pleased with little simple gifts they had received. The neighbors began coming in and they exchanged greetings and partook of the appetizing food. All day long they continued to come back and forth. The real Christmas spirit indeed prevailed.

After the last guest had departed that evening, Mother Swartz turned to her husband and said, "God is indeed good to those who trust and love Him."

Jeannie McEwen, College '30.

THE COLONEL'S MISTAKE

When I was in France, I was manager of a theatre in Bordeaux for the entertainment of the soldiers. One evening we had a very good program. It was my custom to go out in the boxes and get the officers' opinions on the show. As I passed one of the boxes, an old Colonel hailed me.

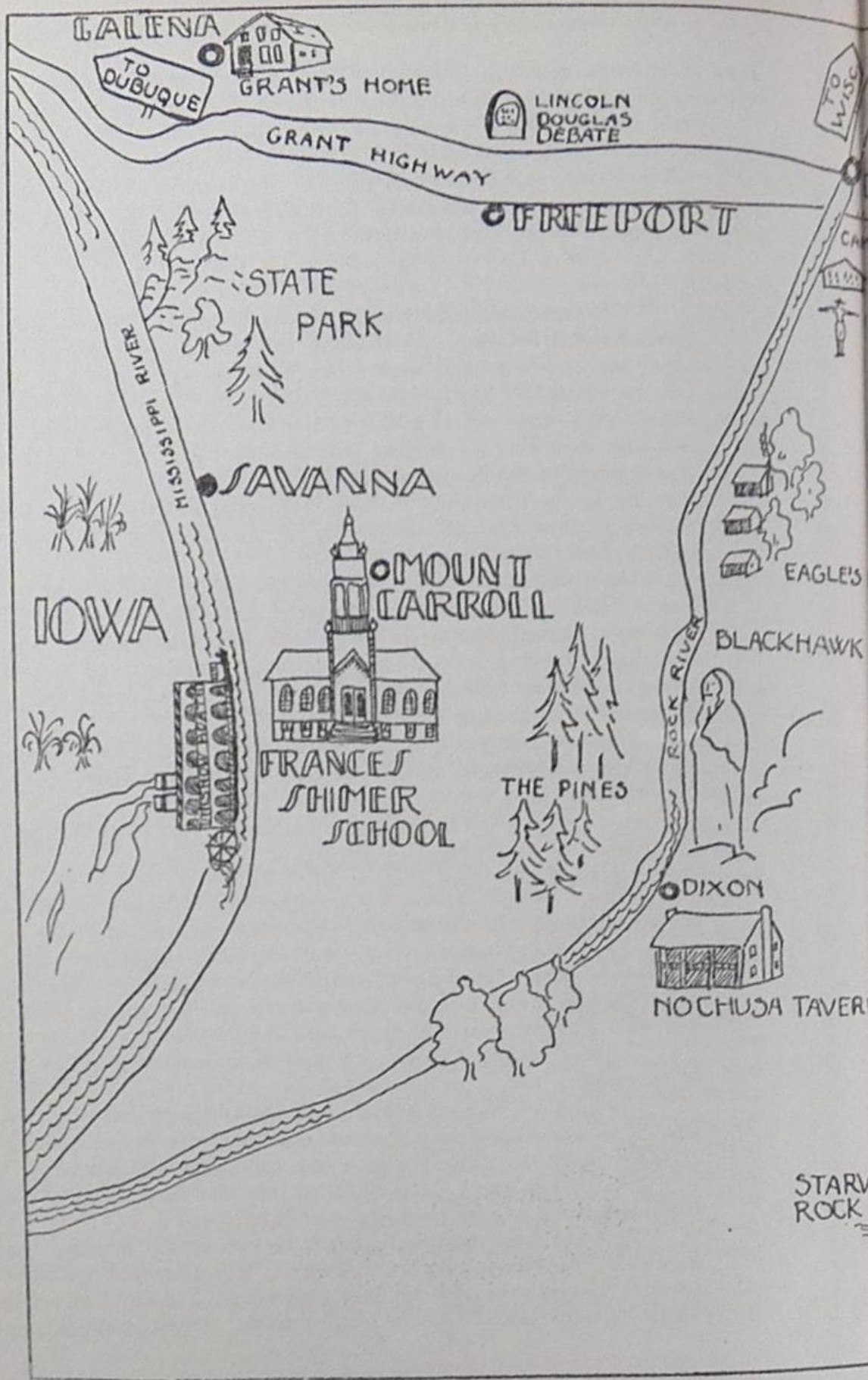
"Do you think it would be possible for me to meet the little girl who had such a clever song and dance act?" he inquired.

"Why, certainly, Colonel, I will speak to her and I'm sure she would enjoy meeting you."

The Colonel blushed a little and said very quickly, "I don't want you to misunderstand me. I would just like to take her out for supper after the show as a slight token of my appreciation of her act."

"That's all right, Colonel. I'm sure that she will go. Just step backstage and I will see that you meet her."

We went backstage and I went to one of the dressing rooms and knocked. A voice answered and I asked, "Have you still got your make-up on? If you have, step out here a moment. I have a Colonel here who wants to meet you." Before I had finished talking, a small, pretty girl



ROCKFORD

P GRANT

NEST

LAKE
MICHIGAN

GRANT

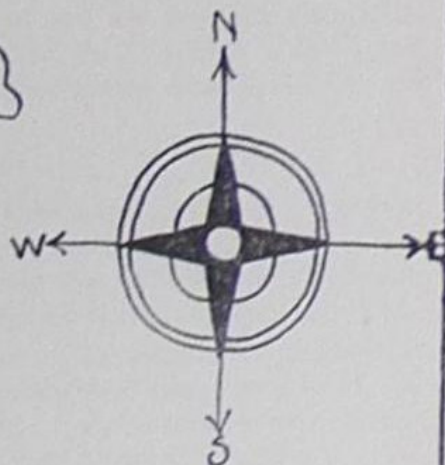
ELGIN

HIGHWAY

CHICAGO

ILLINOIS

EDMONTON
OTTAWA



opened the door and stepped out into the hall.

"I would be delighted to meet him," she said in a soft, low, well modulated voice.

I went back for the Colonel and brought him up and introduced him. He spluttered around and got very red. I wondered if he had lost his courage, when he blurted out:

"Miss B——, would you care to go to supper after the show?"

"I would be delighted, Colonel, but I will have to change into my street clothes first. I'll meet you at the stage door in about half an hour."

"Certainly, certainly, I'll be there."

"Jim, will you take these keys and lock up after everyone is gone and then bring them to me at the Y?" I asked one of the performers and stage hands.

"Sure, Boss, glad to do it. I'll be around with them in a little while."

The next morning Jim brought me the keys.

"What was the matter with you last night, Jim? I thought that you were going to bring them up right after the show?"

"I was but that fool Colonel hung around for about an hour. Finally, after all the boys had gone, he came up to me and asked if everyone had gone and I said yes, all but me, and I was on my way. Well, he went off muttering to himself and he didn't look any too angelic either. By that time I was almost late getting back to camp so I didn't have time to bring the keys up."

A few days later I was over at one of the embarkation ports and as it was just lunch time, I went over to the officer's mess. After I started to eat, I saw my friend Colonel R—— down the table a few places. The officer sitting next to me, seeing me watching the Colonel, started to talk.

"Do you see that Colonel down there? Have you heard about him? No? Well, he was over at Bordeaux the other night and he made a date with one of the performers at the Y. theatre. He waited for her at the stage door and didn't even know her when she walked past in her O. D.'s and hob-nailed boots. Everyone is kidding the life out of him about it."

Ruth Britton, Academy '30.



September 11. Frances Shimer opened this year on a day of blue skies and mellow sunshine. The maples by the library were beginning to turn golden, and the summer flower beds were still gay with color. In the first Chapel service, President McKee introduced our new Dean, Miss Harriet A. Lee, who greeted the students and faculty; he then gave his own warm welcome and a short address in which he reminded us of what may be gained by a year of school life provided we approach our work and play with a spirit of earnestness and cooperation.

September 12. The film version of Thornton Wilder's successful novel, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey", was chosen as the opening movie of the year. It was greatly enjoyed by both the faculty and the student body.

September 14. The Who's Who Party (sponsored by the Y. W. C. A.) was given in the new gymnasium.

September 21. Y. W. C. A. again sponsored the annual picnic followed by stunts in the evening, in the new gym.

September 28. As the weather man objected to our having the usual marshmallow roast, we all went to the gym. The girl at the head of each sport explained her point system and urged each girl to try to win letters and honors. High honors won last year but not yet awarded were then presented to Edna Salmen and Ann Finley, and to Rita Shire a small letter. After a short program, we were served ice cream cones which we ate between dances.

STRING TRIO

On the evening of September 30, the first musical event of the year was presented in Metcalf Hall. The entertainment was provided by Bruno Steindel, 'cellist; Sol Nemkovsky, violinist; and Alexander Aster, pianist. The trio was assisted by Miss Helen Bickerton, a soprano soloist.

The evening was a very interesting one. The songs were artistically rendered by Miss Bickerton, and the solo numbers of each member of the trio added variety to the program. Several of the numbers were greeted with enthusiastic applause, among them the "Rhapsodie in Blue".

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PROGRAM

I

- Trio in A minor.....Tschaikowsky
 Part I—Elegic Pathetique
 Part II—Theme, Variations and Finale

II

- Baal-Shem Bloch
 Sol Nemkovsky

III

- Il est Doux (from Herodiade).....Massenet
 To the Children.....Rachmaninoff
 Balloons in the Snow.....Jeane Boyd
 Love was with me Yesterday.....Walter Golde
 Miss Bickerton

IV

- Rhapsodie in Blue.....Gershwin
 Mr. Aster

V

- St. Cecelia.....St. Saens
 Rondo.....Bochorini
 Mr. Steindel

VI

- Trio in D minor.....Mendelssohn
 Allegro Moderato—Andante—Scherzo

October 5. Mrs. Hannah Hume Lee gave us a most interesting lecture about Jerusalem. Moving pictures were shown to illustrate her talk. We learned that Jerusalem is a city of churches, mosques, cathedrals, and synagogues; of racial colors, black, brown, yellow, and white; of people, beggars, holy men, tourists, and merchants. It is a city of noise, confusion, bargaining, and also of quiet cemeteries. It is a city of marching troops. It typifies the human race,— the struggle for existence, war, death, and God. Mrs. Lee's charming personality made her "one of us" in a very few minutes. We are glad that she was able to stay with us for a few days.

October 12. Open night. A large group of girls, with Miss Lee as chaperon, attended a movie in town. Several parties of girls, chaperoned by their teachers, went to dinner at Katie's, Smith's, and the Glenview Hotel. Other girls had spreads during the evening.

October 19. "Show Boat", starring Laura LaPlante, was shown in the chapel. Hailed as one of the ten best pictures of the year 1929 by American critics, it was highly appreciated by the Shimer girls.

VAGABOND PROM

Hallowe'en Vagabond Promenade, given by the Academy Junior Class on the evening of October twenty-sixth, was the first formal dance

to be held in the new gymnasium. The Juniors, with the expert help and advice of Miss Jean Hinken, their sponsor, decorated the dance floor in a most attractive manner. Pumpkins, corn stalks, and black and orange streamers all carried out the spirit of the season.

The "Alaskans" from Dixon provided enjoyable dance music. Their feature number was a medley of college songs which included those of Illinois, Wisconsin, Northwestern, and other neighboring universities.

Colorful costumes lent a gay air to the affair. The prize for the prettiest costume was given to Dorothy Oliver who wore an Hawaiian grass skirt. Emily Turnbaugh, as a scare-crow, won the prize for the funniest costume.

Specialty numbers were given by members of the Junior class dressed as vagabonds, who carried out the name of their dance by the song, "Vagabond Lover".

Refreshments consisting of fruit punch and old fashioned cookies were served. The evening was an outstanding success and was enjoyed by everyone.

THE RUSSIAN COSSACK CHORUS

On the evening of October twenty-eighth, we had the great privilege of hearing a program given by the famous Russian Cossack Chorus under the direction of Sergei Sacoloff. Sacoloff's chorus is composed of ten men, all possessing perfectly trained voices. They gave numbers by Tschaikovsky, Moradin, Kolatilin, and other well known Russian composers. The entire program was sung a cappella.

One of the most popular numbers during the evening was an arrangement of the "Song of the Volga Boatman" by Sacoloff. After each of the four parts of the program, the Chorus gave a short English encore. "Shine Little Glow Worm," "My Wild Irish Rose," "Mother McCree," and "Dixie Land" were amusing, aside from their faultless rendition, because of the strange accent given the English words.

The wonderful volume, quality and depth of voice peculiar to the Russian people was displayed to its greatest advantage during the concert. Their perfect diction, difficult rhythms and sympathetic understanding of the songs inspired in all of us the deepest admiration and appreciation of their work.

THE NEW RADIO

Among the many things that have been added to our school recently is the new radio that has been placed in West Hall Lounge. It is an Atwater Kent Radio of the finest quality and it is at the disposal of the entire school. For the present the girls are enjoying the radio for after-dinner dancing. A radio committee has been appointed and within a short time it will arrange for regular radio programs so that teachers and students liking a variety of music and entertainment may also enjoy the radio.

VESPERS

September 15—Miss Lee, our new Dean, gave us a very interesting

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talk on the possibilities Frances Shimer has in store for us this year. She inspired us from her talk to make Frances Shimer this year, "The Land of our Heart's Desire."

September 22—This evening Mrs. McKee gave us a history of the founding of our school. Mrs. McKee told us about Mrs. Shimer as she knew her, and after hearing Mrs. McKee's talk we have a clearer idea of the beginning and growth of our school. We also learned to know Mrs. Shimer in a way that we could never have otherwise because of the personal contact which Mrs. McKee had with Mrs. Shimer. We appreciate having this opportunity to learn our school's history.

September 29—Tonight the Y. W. C. A. cabinet for 1929-1930 gave us a resume of the work the Y. W. C. A. is doing the world over. We learned the value of the Y. W. C. A. and we realize the place it has in our school life at Frances Shimer.

October 6—We had the pleasure of having as our guest over the week-end of Oct. 6, Mrs. Hannah Hume Lee. She is a very interesting woman and we enjoyed having her talk to us at Vespers on Sunday evening. She spoke to us about the International Conference which was held in Jerusalem last year. We see more clearly from her talk how religion is welding the different nationalities and races into one, each having the same goal to be attained. We appreciated having Mrs. Lee with us and we hope she may visit us again.

October 13—Mr. McKee gave us an interesting talk tonight upon those worth-while ideals which lead to a life of service and of permanent happiness.

Sunday, October 20, Miss Fortna had charge of Vespers. She gave us the history of some of the familiar hymns. After Miss Fortna finished the history, we all sang the hymn which she had just told us about. We value the hymns that we sing more when we know something of the author who wrote them. We enjoyed Miss Fortna's "Hymn History."

October 27, we had the opportunity to hear Dr. Soares of the University of Chicago and a trustee of our school, again. He spoke to us about preparing ourselves every day by doing the little things that we have to do well, so that when we come to resume heavy responsibilities we shall be capable and ready. Dr. Soares took his text from Jeremiah. Dr. Soares is a very interesting man and all Shimer is anxiously awaiting his next visit.

Y. W. C. A. EVENTS

On Wednesday, September the eleventh, the cabinet members of the Y. W. C. A. presided at a tea given for the new students and their parents and friends, as well as for the old students who wished to become acquainted with the new girls.

The annual Who's Who Party given by the Y. W. C. A. was held in the new gymnasium on September 14 for the purpose of helping the new

and old girls become acquaintbd with each other and with the members of the faculty, who were in the receiving line. Miss Lee, the new dean, was introduced by the president of the Y. W. C. A. and everyone was most anxious to meet her. A group of girls sang several songs, after which the social chairman and her committee served punch and wafers.

On September the twenty-first, the Young Women's Christian Association sponsored a picnic for the whole school, which was divided into groups led by the cabinet members and their sponsors. Over crackling fires and sizzling "weenies", plans were made for the stunts which took place later in the evening in the gymnasium.

Y. W. C. A. MEETINGS

The Y. W. C. A. aims to foster on the campus a spirit of faith and ideals as well as religion. The meetings this year have been planned with this purpose in view. These weekly meetings have thus far been worth while. Let us try to make this year a pleasant and successful one.

The cabinet and faculty advisors for this year are as follows:

President—Lillian O'Neill—Miss Fortna.

Vice President—Rebecca Murdock—Miss Pollard.

Secretary—Tirzah Price—Miss Baker.

Treasurer—Margaret Allen—Miss Hinken.

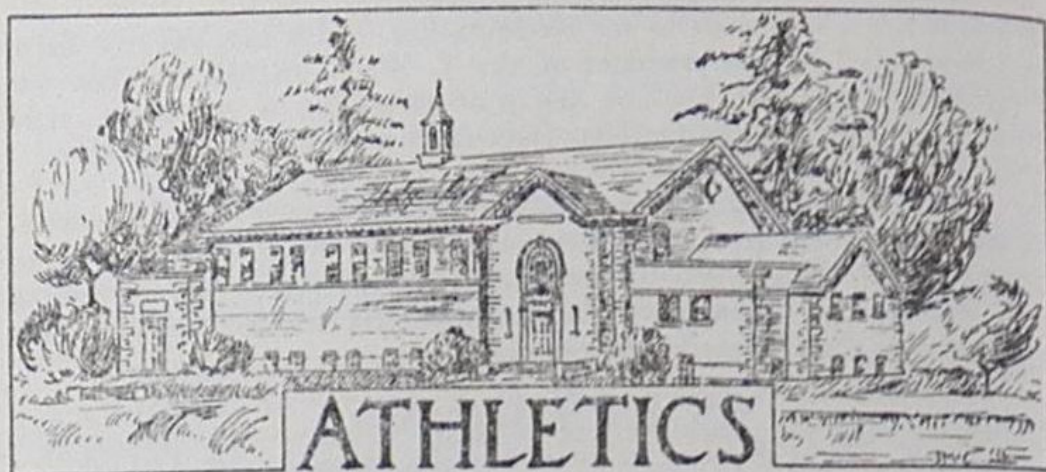
Program Chairman—Mary Palmer—Miss Lee.

Social Service—Lucia Morris—Miss Snyder.

Social Chairman—Roberta Leland—Miss Allyn.

World Fellowship—Ann Avery—Miss Thoreen.





ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

During these first few weeks, the Athletic Association has shown a fine beginning to this year's activities. The work will be easier and accomplished better because of the fine new gymnasium. The first meeting of A. A. was held in the Chapel to elect officers. They are as follows:

President—Roberta Leland.
 Vice President—Margaret Keizer.
 Secretary—June Roberts.
 Treasurer—Dorothy Merton.

Following are the heads of sports.

Head of Golf—Mary Dresser.
 Head of Tennis—Helen Hulst.
 Head of Basketball—Tirzah Price.
 Head of Volleyball—Lucille Wilbern.
 Head of Swimming—Geraldine Mitchell.
 Head of Hockey—Marjorie Browning.
 Head of Hiking—Mabel Kirkpatrick.
 Head of Dancing—Rebecca Murdock.
 Recorder of Points—Margaret Amlong.

THE POOL

Clear, cool water lies temptingly in the tile pool. There is a sound of eager voices as the swishing of the showers ceases. Then—splash! the rippling waves beat the sides. Is she coming up? Yes, up bobs a white cap. The girl swims easily and gracefully back to the steps. She goes to the diving board. Again a glistening white body pierces the water and sinks into the green-blue depths. Who doesn't like the pool!

THE SCATTERED FAMILY

MARRIAGES

Lola Dynes '21 to Mr. Arnold S. Zander on June 15, 1929, at Chicago. At home 142 East Gilman Street, Madison, Wisconsin.

Frances Shaner '28 to Mr. Robert Bruce Whaples on June 16, 1929, at Neponset, Illinois. At home Los Angeles, Cal.

Florence Downing '24 to Mr. Reid Horner, June 15, at Mount Carroll. At home, Freeport, Illinois.

Lenore Luenzman, ex-faculty, to Mr. Floyd Merrill Linderman on September 14, 1929, Church of the Redeemer, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. At home, Madison, Wisconsin.

Alice Dean '24 to Mr. Alexander Wolcott Reid on August 14, 1929, at St. Paul, Minnesota.

Anita Johnston, ex-faculty, to Mr. Harry Sutherland on June 15, 1929, at the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago. At home Toronto, Canada.

Doris Landborg '25 to Mr. Ernest L. Goodwin, June 9, 1929, at Elgin, Illinois.

Imogene Hamilton, 1925-26, to Mr. James Lewis Capel on August 12, 1929, at Carbondale, Illinois.

Mildred Walker '21 to Mr. Harry Lee Sharp on June 6, 1929, at Chicago. At home Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dorothy Hill '27 to Mr. Julius Van Dyck Bucher on August 27, 1929, at Pine Knoll Camp, Conway, New Hampshire.

Mildred Augustine '26 to Mr. Clarence E. Perkins on June 29, 1929, at South Bend, Indiana. At home after Sept. 1, 1929, at 1219 Lincolnway West, South Bend.

Alice Ernst, '22-'23, to Dr. Elsworth Northup Vegiard on July 19, 1929, at Highland Park, Michigan.

Helen Brewer, ex-'20, to Mr. Arthur Carl Heckenlaible on August 31, 1929, in Thorndike Hilton Memorial Chapel, Chicago. At home Apartment 3A 7301, Luella Avenue, Chicago.

Margaret Seidel, ex-faculty, to Mr. Alton Theodore Medsger, on October 14, 1929, at Warren, Wisconsin. At home 125 Mercy Avenue, River Head, Long Island, N. Y.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Milton Weist (Mildred Schulze '20) a son, Charles Edgar, May 27, 1929, in Chicago.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alvin L. Schaut (Eva Durham '09) a daughter, Margaret Frances, on August 4, 1929, in Mt. Carroll.

Dorothy Mershon '27 is teaching in the High School at Fairdale, Illinois.

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Dorothy Phillips '25 teaches in fifth grade of the Rochelle, Illinois, public schools.

Mrs. Harriet Halderman Webb '87 visited her daughter, Mary Evelyn, at the school in September.

Among many guests who were present at the opening of school three loyal alumnae returned to enroll their daughters in Junior College, May Schreiner Manning '95, Edith Weber Tims '99, and Jessie Watkin Fisher '01.

In the 1929-30 enrollment more than fifty students are near relatives of former Frances Shimer students. A complete list will be published later.

Charlotte Gower, ex-'19, who is a graduate student in Anthropology at the University of Chicago, has recently been awarded a fellowship for work under the auspices of the Institute for Juvenile Research.

Helen Terry, Junior College '25, is doing field work for Illinois Woman's College from which she was graduated in 1928.

Jean Boyd '09 was represented in the program of the Steindel Trio concert given at the school in October by the assisting artist who sang Miss Boyd's "Balloons in the Snow".

Dorothy Davis '19 is now Mrs. Marion Winkle and lives at 2248 Castlewood Drive, Toledo, Ohio.

Marvel Steven '26 traveled in Europe during the summer. Gladys Steven '29 is spending the winter with her parents in Washington, D. C., and attending George Washington University.

Frances Tuller Findeisen lives in Atlanta, Georgia. She has a small daughter, Gretchen. Her niece, Gretchen Conzelman, is a College Freshman this year in Frances Shimer.

Ruby Hughes Tothill, '03-'06, and her three children, visited President and Mrs. McKee during the summer on their way from the Fiji Islands to their new home in Uganda, British East Africa, where Dr. Tothill who is in the colonial service of the British Government will be stationed. Mrs. Tothill is the co-author with a professor at Cornell University in a new volume entitled "Leaf Mining Insects".

Ruth Baron Shafton '26 is living temporarily in Panama City where her husband, Dr. Arthur L. Shafton, is on the staff at Georgeos Hospital. She writes: "My time is well occupied here. I am sketching and modelling. We are also studying Spanish. In December we go back to Chicago. In January Dr. Shafton goes to Cook County Hospital for a year. At the Union Club recently I met Yola Arosomena, '24-'25, and have since been to the Presidential Palace to tea."

Myrtle Hall Bancroft '22 came back to school at the opening to enroll her sister, Mildred, who is an academic sophomore. She writes: "I am sure Mildred is going to like Frances Shimer as well as I did and will shed as many tears when the day comes to leave."

Gwendolyn Bissell '28 who has been studying play-writing at the University of Louisville during the year was honored by having a one-act play chosen for production. It was rated as the best one-act play produced during the year.

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Mrs. Mary Van Vechten Blanchard '81 is living at Carmel Highlands, California. She and her husband, Prof. Frederick Blanchard, now retired from teaching service at the University of California, spend much time in travel.

Esther Clark '15 who teaches in the High School at Rockford, Illinois, spent part of the summer in study at Oxford University and later travelled in England and Scotland.

Frances Shimer friends extend sympathy to Miss Grace Pierson, former instructor in French, in the loss of her mother who died at the family home in Ithaca, New York, on June 14, 1929, after a long illness.

Mary D. Miles '97 is the author of an article, "Gems of Wisdom from Freshman Themes", accepted for publication by the Progressive Teacher. Miss Miles is spending some months in London and in leisurely travel through England and France.

Leona Pierson Smith '18 lives in Yonkers, New York. She has one daughter, Clella Louise, who is now five years old.

Lucy Dell Henry '18 is Chief Bacteriologist for the University Hospital, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

Martha Barnhart Hoffman '25 spent the summer travelling in Europe. Her husband, Prof. George E. Hoffman, was the Alabama state delegate to the Educational Conference held at Geneva, during the summer.

Alice Rose '27 has a secretarial position with a law firm in Kansas City, Mo.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Esther Mary Jewell, '22-'23, to Mr. William Thatcher Elliott of Chicago. Miss Jewell is a senior in the School of Education, Northwestern University.

Mary Kinney '26 received her B. A. degree from the University of Illinois in June 1928. In June she was graduated from the University School of Library Science and is now a member of the staff in the Public Library in Memphis, Tenn.

Virginia Carr Borland, '19-'20, is living in Cairo, Egypt, where her husband is manager of the Dutch Shell Oil Co. interests for Egypt and Abyssinia. She writes of recent visit in Luxor and Assuan, and of her increasing interest in Egypt—the land and its people.

Greeting came from Dorothy Fogle '29 in Glacier National Park. On a three months' auto trip during the summer she had opportunity to see much of the beautiful western country.

Rebecca Pratt '21 is teaching history in the high school at Gillespie, Illinois.

Helen Pratt '18 is continuing her study of music in New York City. She does part time teaching at St. Giles School in Garden City, Long Island, and choir work in New York.

Dorsel Jaeke '28 is a senior in the Nebraska State University.

Friends at Frances Shimer learned with deep regret of the sudden death of Eva Holman '01 in the St. Francis Hospital, Freeport, Illinois, on September 19, 1929.

Pearl Kulp '22 is assistant dramatic coach in the state Normal School at Cheney, Washington.

Louise Stevens Jessen '06 and her husband visited the school in October. They live in New Orleans, La., where Mrs. Jessen is much interested in the Little Theatre work. They have a ten-year-old daughter, Margaret.

Phyllis Marschall '24 writes: "I am again at Yale having been granted the great privilege of studying play writing under Dr. George Pierce Baker. I submitted several short plays last year and he admitted me to the Workshop—the ultimate goal of all Yale drama students."

The engagement of Marjorie Foley, '26-'27, to Dr. Robert Killebrew of Des Moines, Iowa, has been announced by her parents, Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Foley. Marjorie is a student at the University of Iowa this year.

Ruth Miles Miller '18 lives in Iowa City, where her husband is a member of the faculty of the University in the Department of Psychology. Mr. Miller has recently received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Hinchliff (Katherine Marshall '17) visited the school in September. Since their marriage in 1918 they have lived in Chile, Columbia, Uruguay, and in Spain, where Mr. Hinchliff's business as representative of the Emerson Knitting Mills has taken him. They have also spent some time in Switzerland and the last two years in France. They are returning to Paris this fall and will spend the year in the Sorbonne studying Spanish.

Barbara Edmunds Moy, daughter of Mamie Tapscot Edmunds '95, visited the school in September. Mrs. Moy and her husband were en route to Philadelphia where they will study in the Curtis School of Music.

Elsie Comstock Doyle '04 is teaching music in the public school of Davenport, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Wells (Harriet Shirk '89) were recent guests at the School. Mr. Wells is editor of the Marshalltown (Ia.) paper.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Burquist (Adaline Hostetter '99) of Duluth, Minn., announce the marriage of their daughter, Harriet, to Mr. Adolph Sandberg. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sandberg are graduates of the University of Minnesota. Mr. Sandberg is a member of the faculty of the University of Cincinnati where they will reside.

Margaret Sayer '29 returned to School for the opening in September. Margaret will study in the St. Louis School of Library Science this year.

Helen Brewer, ex-'20, daughter of Mabel Booth Brewer '94, was married in the Thorndike Hilton Memorial Chapel, Chicago, on August 31, to Mr. Arthur Carl Heckenlaible, of Chicago. Since she was a student at Frances Shimer, Mrs. Heckenlaible graduated from Grinnell College in 1925 and later held responsible positions in the publicity department of the Union Bank and Trust Co. of Chicago and in the advertising department of the First National Bank of Chicago. Mr. Heckenlaible is a graduate of Iowa State College in Civil engineering and is now associated with the firm of Kelkner, De Leuw and Co., consulting engineers of Chicago. Miss Gertrude Brewer, ex-'19, served her sister as bridesmaid.

Alta Sherrard '25 returned to her work with the Chicago Historical

Society in September after a vacation spent in California. While in Los Angeles she saw Mary Branson '24, Evelyn Caille Rahn '24, and Marie Solsted Kempton, '23-'24.

Jennie Boty Beck, '92-'94, and her daughters, Naomi and Percilee, of Los Angeles, spent several weeks in Mt. Carroll during the summer as the guests of Mrs. Beck's aunt, Mrs. Jessie Hall Miles '85.

Bernita Adams '28 after a successful year of teaching in the Savanna Public Schools, began her work in seventh grade in Mt. Carroll, in September.

Betty Fries '29 enjoyed a trip to Quebec during the summer. She is taking a secretarial course at Moser Business College, Chicago, this year.

Dolores Charlton '25 is spending the year at the University of Wisconsin working for a Master's degree in the department of Physical Education.

Thelma Smith Ingram '20 is attending Hunter College in New York City.

Cherrie Jaeke, '27-'28, spent last year at Midland College. In September she was presented by the School of Fine Arts in a Violin recital. She is now a student in the School of Music of the State University of Nebraska.

Victoria Maylard Emerson '17 writes: "We shall soon be sending our Jo Anne, who is seven, to Frances Shimer."

Mary Blanchard '22 spent the summer in study at the University of Colorado in Boulder.

Alice Woodworth, '22-'23, has graduated from the School of Speech at Northwestern University and is now teaching at St. Petersburg, Fla., where she is taking an active part in the Little Theatre movement of that city.

Mary Dewhurst Miles reports meeting the following Frances Shimer people on a western trip last winter: Lou Rogers Shackelton '98, with her mother, Mrs. Eva T. Rogers in Phoenix, Ariz.; Belle Ferguson '88, Glendale, Cal.; Bess Blamer Turney '86, and Annie Marion MacLean, ex-faculty 1894-'96, Pasadena; Catherine Mastin Miller, '92-'94, Los Angeles; and Jennie Baty Beck, '92-'94; Louise Baker Ellis '95, Burbank, Cal.; Myra Stella Stamm '94, Uplands, Cal.; Elizabeth Miles Myers '21, Long Beach, Cal. The California "girls" met with Miss MacLean on April 26 and later enjoyed a picnic luncheon at Brookside Park, driving afterward to the home of Catherine Mastin Miller for tea and an enthusiastic talk-fest about old girls and old times at F. S.

Glee Hastings '12 who completed her preparation for Wellesley in Frances Shimer is now mental hygiene supervisor of the Henry Street Settlement Visiting Nurse Service in New York City. In the Survey for Sept. 15th, 1929, she describes the most recent resources that have been added to the service of the public health nurse. The work was begun by Mrs. Hastings as an experiment but has proved so successful that the Board of Direction of the Settlement have assumed full financial responsibility for the work.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Kay Sherman, '23-'24, costume designer, has opened a studio in Denver, Colo. Miss Sherman has already had successful experience in her line of work, designing costumes for masquerades, amateur theatricals and musical reviews.

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